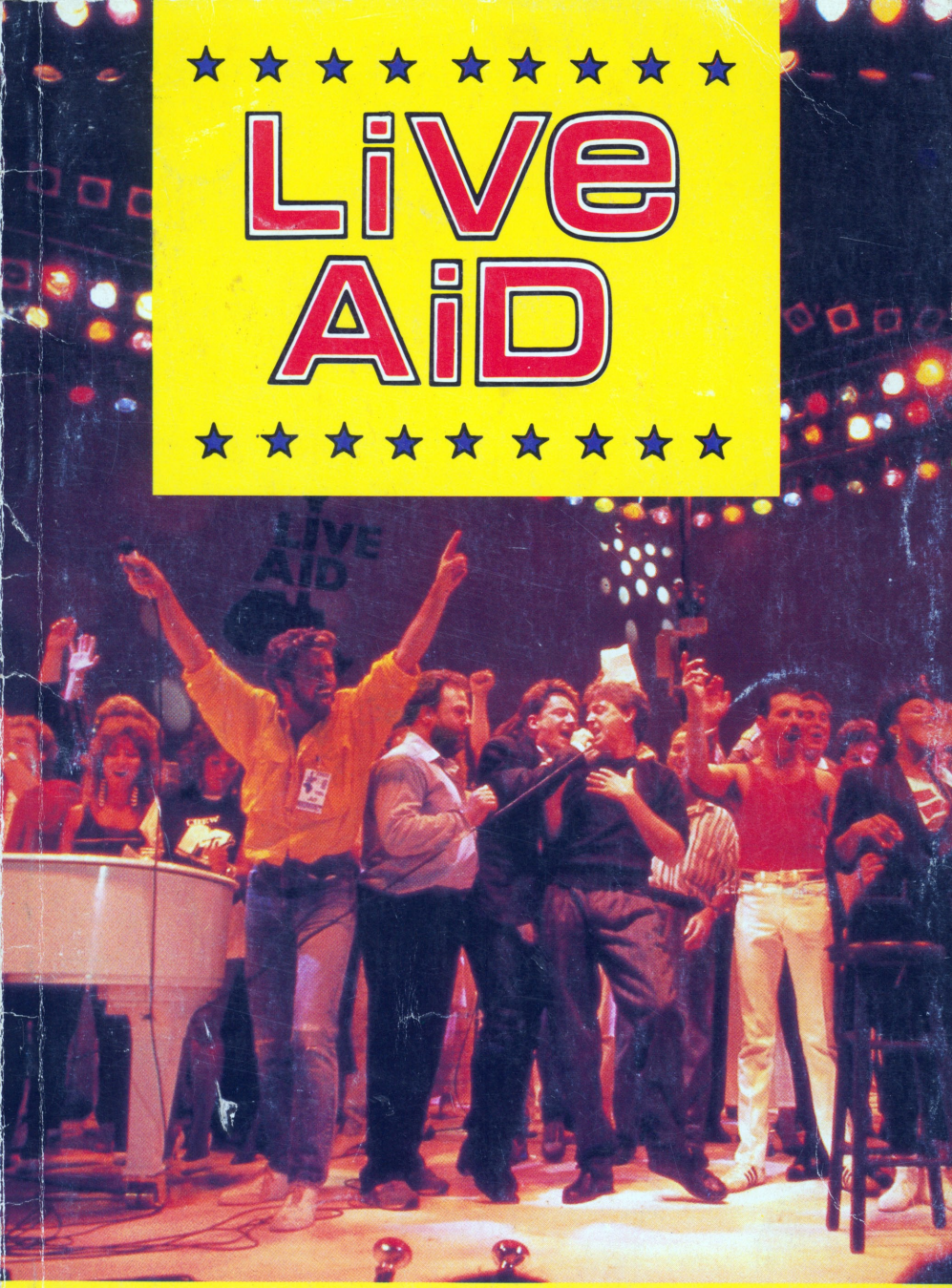
Live Aid



An Unauthorized Edition

DJ Arneson

LIVE AID

D.J. Arneson

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Live Aid drew massive crowds from all over the U.S.A. and England—millions also watched it on television. Associated Press

Introduction

Proving that one man's dream can become a reality, Bob Geldof began putting together a plan to help those in need like no other single person has done in the history of the world. Organizing the greatest show on earth, the biggest live rock concert ever was no easy task. But it was a task that just had to be done.

The contributions and pledges from the incredible Live Aid concert have exceeded the expectations of Bob Geldof and those who helped make the concert happen. As much as $40 million dollars has been raised, although final figures are not available yet.

Tons of food, equipment, medical supplies and other necessities of life are moving toward Africa. The famine is not ended and the drought is still not over. It will take many years for the land to recover. And for those victims who survive, the tragedy will never completely vanish from their memories. But Live Aid and the generosity of a watching world has shown that even when Nature is her harshest, there is still hope. And the hope that is forged by caring millions is an unbeatable force!

The Dream

London is bustling. The streets are busy with traffic. Double-decker buses carry people to and from work. Tourists throng the city's major attractions. Picadilly Circus is aglow with lights. Tower Bridge stands silhouetted against a somber November sky. The Guard changes at Buckingham Palace, day and night, whether visitors are there to watch or not. Faces of a hundred—two hundred—nations walk the streets, clerk in the stores, work in the offices, eat in the fine restaurants and small pubs, and live in this magnificent city, or merely pass through. It's a major hub of the world.

Atop its historic tower overlooking Parliament, Big Ben booms the hour. And on the BBC, British Broadcasting Corporation Television, viewers are tuning in to watch a program that could change the world.

BBC-TV newsman Michael Buerk has just returned to England from the drought stricken plains of Ethiopia. He has brought with him pictures of the victims of a famine that is sweeping across North Africa like an ancient plague. But this plague has no villain. It's not

borne on the wings of disease carrying insects. It's not in the blood of infected rats. It's not a germ or a virus or a bacteria lurking in the water. It is starvation.

As the newsman's camera scans the dusty earth a gaunt parade of silent ghosts seems to rise up from the barren soil. Clad in tattered rags and clutching empty bowls, the sunken eyes of thousands of victims of drought and famine stare over the airwaves across half the world into the homes of a nation of plenty. And England is stunned by what it sees.

In the blue flickering glow of the "telly" in a comfortable town house in a section of London called Chelsea, a rumpled shirted young man with stringy brown hair stares into the faces of ten thousand dying strangers. He cannot move. His quiet, intense eyes dart from one face to the next. They are men and women—and children. And they are all doomed. Not because of war. Not because of earthquake. Not because of flood or epidemic disease. Their killer is famine. It is their pitiful empty bowls that will kill them.

Bob Geldof is galvanized by what he sees.

"The thing I remember most was the picture of the wall. There were about 10,000 people there, starving people, and there was this woman who had to pick 300 people that she could feed.

"The 300 were led behind a stone wall and each was given a can of butter oil because that's all there was to eat. And the ones who hadn't been picked stood up behind the waist-high wall and looked at them, without any rancor or envy, but with intense dignity. That waist high wall was the difference between life and death.

"And I remember seeing one child just put her head against the wall, the flies buzzing around her eyes. That's what made me do it. That one image is what made me do the whole thing."

From that moment on, for the next nine months, Bob Geldof did not stop moving. An idea so big that it would fill the world had taken form. The idea was simple. Getting it done was not.

Band-Aid

Geldof dashed across the room. In a moment he was on the phone with Paula Yates, his girl-friend, a host on "The Tube," a popular British television show. "I'm going to get the biggest pop stars in Britain together to make a record," he said. "If everyone will donate their time and if we can make the record a hit, we can raise thousands of pounds for the starving in Africa."

Paula was with Midge Ure, a close friend of she and Bob. All three were well known in the world of British music. Geldof himself was the lead singer with The Boomtown Rats, a very popular group that knew the feeling of being on top of the charts.

Geldof explained his idea. "If the Boomtown Rats do it alone, it won't be a hit. We need a hit!"

Midge Ure nodded. "Count me in," he said.

Bob, Paula, and Midge got to work. There wouldn't be much time. The famine was killing thousands of people every day on the desolate plains of Africa while the rest of the world was preparing for its most joyous season: Christmas.

There wasn't time to write a brand-new song. Geldof

and the Boomtown Rats had recently rehearsed a song called "It's My World." Bob added a chorus called "Feed the World" and changed its title. He called it, "Do They Know It's Christmas?"

Meanwhile, star performers had to be cajoled into performing free. New ideas in music had been pouring out of England since Liverpool gave birth to the Beatles. Geldof's idea to sing for nothing was unique. But there wasn't a star who hadn't known starvation before rocketing to the top of the charts. One by one the big names signed on to help Geldof. Wham!, U-2, The Culture Club, Paul Young, Phil Collins and others would perform. Technicians, studios, engineers, and a host of other people and services would also donate their time, talent, and money. A "simple idea" now called "Band-Aid" was turning a dream into a reality.

The result was an astonishing, heart-warming success. The "few thousand pounds" Geldof hoped to raise for African relief ballooned to over $10 million dollars! Performed by 40 of the best known pop stars of British music, the recording of "Do They Know It's Christmas?" sold over 6 million records—more than any record ever released to that time!

The "idea" turned into a full-time job for Bob Geldof. Managing the egos of Britain's rock establishment and coaxing a record into history was at least familiar territory. Deciding the best way to distribute the fortune the record earned was as alien as the African plains.

More intent than ever to do something in response to the terrible images of famine that continued to haunt him, Bob went to Ethiopia to see for himself how to make certain the money he'd raised did the most good.

He was determined not to let the charity of his friends and countrymen be turned into a political pawn. His goal was to see that every cent earned from the record helped to fill stomachs—not line pockets.

The decision was made to take the much needed aid directly to the people in the form of food and supplies. Band-Aid Trust was formed. Its task was clear. The money was for the victims and nobody else.

In six months Band-Aid provided tons of food and supplies. It bought 6 trucks, 22 Land Rovers, 8 Land Cruisers, 18 water tanker trailers, 23 hospital tents, 140 tons of high energy bisquits, 1,240 tons of dried skim milk powder, 25 tons of full cream milk powder, 2 tons of whole milk, 52 tons of medical supplies, 7 freezers, 510 tons of vegetable oil, 450 tons of sugar, 1000 tons of grain, and 10 tons of cooking and eating utensils.

The idea had worked. Music turned into money had been turned into hope and life. And in other countries around the world the "simple idea" was copied. USA for Africa's "We Are the World" made millions of dollars in the United States. In Canada "Tears Are Not Enough" sizzled on the charts.

But the famine was relentless. Like the years of drought that preceeded it and turned the fertile earth into barren wasteland, hunger continued to stalk a continent already ravaged, and threatened to destroy it. Band-Aid and its offspring were not enough to stem the silent tide of death.

However, Bob Geldof wasn't finished with his work either. He had another idea. And it was a great one!

Bob Geldof

Just who is this pop artist who thought he could save the world—or at least a part of it—from hunger? The man who some now call "Saint Bob" didn't always fit the title.

Geldof is 32 years old. His quiet good looks are disguised by a shock of oily brown hair that dribbles over his forehead in shaggy streaks. The perpetual dusk of a dark 5-o'clock shadow lingers over his chin and jaw. Piercing brown eyes gaze from beneath arched eyebrows. His full lips move from a stern straight line to a broad, full smile in an instant. One moment his face is a study in seriousness. The next it dissolves into cherubic innocence. His expression seems to reveal what's going on in his mind. But who can be sure?

Bob is Irish. He was born in Dublin in a middle class neighborhood called Dun Laoghaire. When he was only 6 years old his mother died. His father, a traveling salesman, was left with three children—a boy and two girls. Bob was the youngest.

The three often spent long, loud evenings arguing over just about anything. Perhaps that's how Bob learned to talk his way to whatever he wanted. But when he was young Bob didn't really know what he wanted.

Bob wasn't very interested in school as a boy. He was an "awkward lad." He liked English as a subject, but not many others. He dabbled in music. For a time he played the harmonica with the Irish Blue Appreciation Society. He became mildly interested in social protest. He joined the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

He disliked boredom passionately but was unable to stay unbored. He worked as a street musician, a photographer, an English teacher, a laborer on a highway construction gang and even in a slaughterhouse in Dublin.

He became interested in journalism. For about a year he worked on small newspapers. He was the music editor for a paper in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada for a short while. Later, back in his home town, he worked for a British rock weekly.

Bob's life started to come together in 1975. That was the year The Boomtown Rats was formed. It was a rock group that mixed the music of reggae, David Bowie, Roxy Music, The Who and other distinctive sounds. It came out as punk rock, but nobody called it that then. Geldof was the group's first manager, singer, and songwriter. He could write and sing—and he also had a certain flair for organizing things.

By the end of 1979 The Rats were on top of the pop music world. Their single, "Rat Trap," was the first punk rock single to top the charts in England. "I Don't Like Mondays" followed.

An American tour and Bob's own unchained mouth nearly finished The Rats. When he made an unkind remark about Bruce Springsteen, the high-flying Rats began a rapid descent toward obscurity. When they returned to England after a world tour their records were also sinking. By then Boy George was the talk of English pop music. Geldof held The Rats together as best he could, but the days of glory were gone.

Bob played in a couple of movies. In Pink Floyd's *The Wall* he acted but didn't talk and he had a role in a British film, *Number One*.

Life for Bob Geldof wasn't exactly a struggle in the fall of 1984. He and Paula Yates lived in a comfortable town house in Chelsea with their 2-year-old daughter, Fifi Trixibelle. But for a dynamic rock musician who'd been where every other rock musician dreams to be—Number One—it had certainly changed, and not for the better.

Bob Geldof's life would change again, soon, and this time, more dramatically than he ever imagined on that cold November day in front of the "telly."

LIVE AID

The success of Band-Aid was impressive. It proved something could be done by people who cared. Geldof had no patience with governments that *said* they cared, but dragged their feet. He was determined to do more. Thousands upon thousands of people were still dying of starvation. No rain had come to the dry plains to ease the drought. In Ethiopia a whole nation was dependent on help from the outside to survive.

Band-Aid, like its namesake, was not a cure. It was only a temporary solution. Also like its namesake, eventually it would have to be replaced. An endless supply of food, medicine, and equipment was the only thing that could hold back the grinning ghost of Death who reaped his daily harvest of silent, wide-eyed innocents on the dying fields of Africa.

Anyone might have asked the questions: "How do you get the *whole world* to respond to the plight of a starving people?"

Geldof had the answer. A concert. Not a concert held in the park where only a few people could hear it and then drop a coin into a hat as it was passed. No. His concert would be held where the entire world could watch and listen *and* drop not just a coin but millions of dollars into the biggest charity "hat" ever created. It would be a massive concert beamed live by television and radio to the eyes and ears of one and a half BILLION people—the biggest single event the world had ever seen.

"Is it possible?" Bob Geldof asked Harvey Goldsmith in London. It was March. The weather was raw. Spring waited patiently, and summer, the time for the proposed event, was right behind.

Goldsmith was the top promoter in the music business in England. Geldof had explained his idea to him. He wanted to do a world-wide television hook-up of two separate but simultaneous concerts. One would be held in England, the other in the United States. The objective was to make a direct appeal to the whole world at once to open its pockets for money for the famine victims in Africa.

Goldsmith thought for a moment before replying to Bob's outrageous idea. "Nothing's impossible," he said.

Instantly the wheels began to turn. Goldsmith hired the biggest hall he could find—the 72,000 seat sports arena seven miles outside London—Wembley Stadium. The date was set. Geldof's mammoth concert, still only a dream, would be held on July 13, 1985—only ten weeks away!

In the United States, Bill Graham, also a promoter, agreed to produce the American half. Like Goldsmith,

and almost everyone else who would eventually work to make Live Aid a reality, he donated his time and services. It was Geldof's wish that every cent the concert raised go to those who needed it most.

Graham reserved JFK Stadium in Philadelphia for the event. "The City of Brotherly Love" would be a fitting place for Americans to open their hearts.

For ten solid weeks Geldof, his producers, their staffs, and others worked feverishly to bring together all the scattered pieces that make a production work. Countries had to agree to broadcast the concert. Tickets had to be sold. Radio and television rights had to be agreed to. Telethons had to be organized. Everything from rental cars to softdrinks and telephone lines had to be donated. Little things like T-shirts had to be ordered. Big things like globe-circling satellites had to be reserved. It was an overwhelming task. But people the world over cooperated.

Television engineers volunteered their time. Huge corporations donated hundreds of thousands of dollars in goods, services, and money. Small companies and large, small countries and large—everyone joined together to make Live Aid happen.

But no concert is a concert without artists. Getting them would not be all that easy.

Performers make their livings from their talents. Popularity rises and falls on the whims of a fickle public. A star one day can be as forgotten as leftovers the next. To stay in the public eye, performers must perform, and well. Foremost is how their fans perceive them. Nobody could be blamed for wondering if Geldof's mammoth concert would bomb.

More performers volunteered than there was room for but some who were asked were reluctant. Who to ask, who to turn down, and who to ask again if they refused the first time were questions Bob Geldof had to wrestle with every day. Future careers would be affected if the event failed or if it was turned into a political issue. Everybody wanted to do the right thing. Decisions would be made right up to the last minute before the concert, and some even after that.

As time for the once-in-a-lifetime-concert grew short, last minute preparations became borderline panic. Things were getting out of hand—but they never got completely out of control.

The American segment was rescheduled to start at 9 AM instead of noon. That and shortening some performances allowed the producers to squeeze in more acts.

Even though people were donating time and talent, some costs were unavoidable. Eventually about 4 million dollars would be needed to pay them. But without donations those costs would have been 20 million dollars.

Twelve television satellites were scheduled to cover the twin events. Only three had been used for the Los Angeles Olympic Game broadcasts. One hundred countries agreed to broadcast the live signals that would come from London and Philadelphia via space. Twenty-two of those countries would hold telethons to raise money.

Bob Geldof summed it all up. "A concept of this magnitude will never happen again," he said. "Never. You're talking about a minimum audience of one and a

half billion viewers, you're talking about...169 countries, live, at exactly the same time.

"Think of it! A family in deepest Siberia will be watching the same show as a family in Boise, Idaho, experiencing the same emotions, giving to the same cause. Can't...people see the romance in this?"

As July 13th loomed on the horizon the most unique link in broadcast history was ready to beam Live Aid to most of the television sets in the whole wide world. Radio was ready to carry the concerts to others. All the tickets had been sold. Over $7 million dollars had already been raised. The top names in rock music were ready to descend on Wembley and JFK stadiums, half a world apart but joined together like no other time in history by one man's dream.

The Concert

The Palace Hotel in Philadelphia was buzzing with excitement. Many of the stars who would perform in the American half of Live Aid would stay there. Duran Duran had already arrived for rehearsal. Others would quickly follow.

In the trail of every great performer and group there are the fans. They began to pour into London and Philadelphia. By noon on Friday, July 12th, the day before the concert, they stood in excited throngs to see and cheer their favorites. They weren't disappointed. Their screams and shouts filled the streets as long limos pulled up to discharge the royalty of rock and roll. By evening both cities were charged with the electric excitement that would be released the next day. A sustained thunderbolt of musical lightning would simultaneously strike 500 million of the world's 600 million television sets from morning till night. Live Aid was going to happen after all.

Wembley

The sun rises first in London. Five hours later it will dawn over Philadelphia. The world's first "global jukebox" will begin to play at exactly noon at Wembley. For the next sixteen hours rock music will focus a planet's attention on a starving member nation.

It's fifteen minutes to noon at Wembley. The air is filled with the sound of helicopters. They shuttle stars and dignitaries to and from the jammed stadium. Every seat is filled. The infield is a teeming mass of excited fans. At one end of the stadium, almost tiny by comparison to the huge, open bowl is the stage. At the back of the stage hangs a giant banner with the Live Aid logo—a guitar in the shape of Africa. The stage hums with the frantic activity of last minute preparations while in the

Princess Diana and Prince Charles share the Royal Box at Wembley Stadium with Live Aid organizer, Bob Geldof—they were among the millions of people who watched this unprecedented event. Rob Taggart/ Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos

area reserved for the artists, behind the scenes activity buzzes unseen like bees working in a hive.

For Bob Geldof, the producers, the performers, and the 72,000 fans jammed into the arena every minute seems like ten. Then a fresh flurry of excitement grips the crowd. Prince Charles and Princess Diana arrive. Blood royalty meets rock royalty as the elegant pair stroll backstage for a visit before taking their places in the Royal Box. Geldof joins them. His ovation from the crowd is even louder than theirs, but then, this is his day. It's already hot and will get hotter before it's over.

Now the time has finally come. Ten weeks of frantic preparation have led to this moment. The National Anthem is played. Its final notes never fall to earth. Immediately they are picked up and borne skyward by the explosive sound of "Rockin' All Over the World" by the group, Status Quo. Live Aid is LIVE! In sixteen hours and sixty-one acts it will be a memory, but, oh, what a memory!

Status Quo finishes their set with "Caroline" and "Don't Waste My Time."

The stage is a scramble of cables hooked to amplifiers, guitars, electric keyboards, and microphones for everyone. Some will be left in place throughout the whole show while others will be exchanged for the private equipment of the group or individual performing. Each set-up has to go smoothly or the entire day's schedule could be knocked askew. As Status Quo exits, Style Council takes their place.

The crowd is fresh even though many of them have been waiting for hours. They wave and shout and sing along as one group follows another. Each group has

been limited to three numbers. Style Council does "You're the Best Thing," "Internationalists," and "Walls Come Tumbling Down" and then departs.

While there are no real lightweight performers for this global extravaganza, the big names will go on later. But nobody really complains where they are placed in the marathon line-up. Whether they perform in the early morning or late evening prime-time, they're all here to help. Super-egos and just ordinary egos have been set aside for this special day and very special event.

Geldof says goodbye to the Prince and Princess and leaves the Royal Box. He dashes to the stage to join his own group, The Boomtown Rats. He's managed it since he and his Dublin buddies formed it in 1975. They've been together through good times and bad ever since. Surely this is one of their best times as they belt out their most famous hits, "Rat Trap" and "I Don't Like Mondays."

Bob's mike goes dead as he sings the lyrics to "Rat Trap." But it's only a minor glitch, one of a few that will show up from time to time on both sides of the Atlantic like unwanted gremlins. Bob wails on, performing in the middle of his own dream with the whole world watching.

The Royal Couple slip away after The Rats finish their final number but not many notice. Everyone's eyes remain glued to the stage where the real excitement continues.

Adam Ant, his dark eyes on the largest crowd he's ever played to, his black leather jacket and pants glistening in the bright glare of the overhead sun lets go with his only piece of the day, "Vive Le Rock." He had said earlier, "I don't care if (we play) one number, thirty seconds, or during intermission. I'll even sell ice creams.

Whatever they want, they got." His enthusiasm for Geldof's project never wavers and he will stay all day to watch the entire show. When the Wembley finale closes the British half of Live Aid, Adam Ant will be there singing his heart out next to David Bowie and all the others who have yet to perform before this incredible day is done.

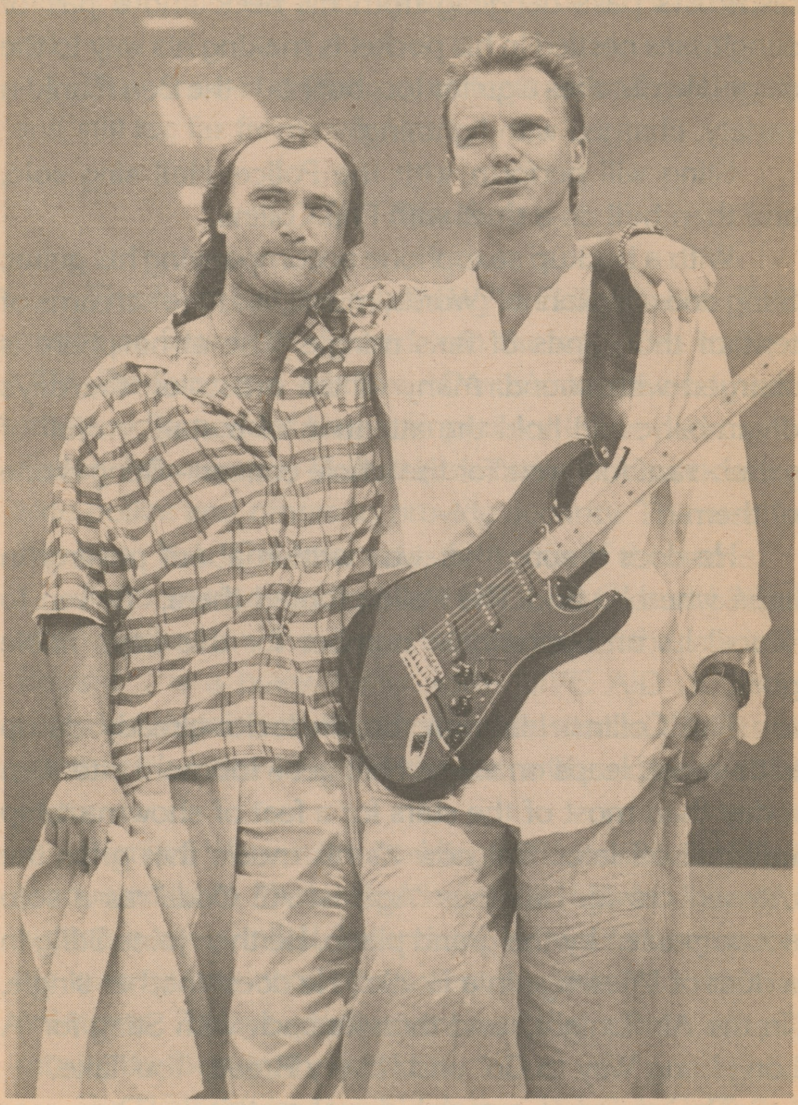
Ultravox, with Midge doing the vocals, does "Dancing With Tears in My Eyes" and "Vienna." Spandau Ballet, a bit upset with the lack of sound checking facilities at Wembley, and dressed a bit too warmly for the climbing temperatures, launches into "Only When You Leave" followed by "We Are Virgin." The "Spand's" Tony Hadley is dressed in black and white. He's the first of a number of artists who'll appear in that combination though none will be as elegant *and* beautiful as Sade—but she comes on later.

Another first appears on stage with Elvis Costello. Though he's surrounded by 20th century electronic music technology, the sort of wizardry that could amplify the sound of a waxpaper and comb kazoo to a deafening roar, his hands clutch a simple acoustic guitar hanging from his shoulders from a bright red sash.

Costello speaks to the sweltering crowd. "I want you to help me sing this old Northern English folk song," he says. His fingers begin to dance over the strings. The memorable, lilting melody of a Beatles' classic floats off the stage like a flight of musical butterflies to touch the hearts of a billion earthlings. "All You Need Is Love" carries the sentiment of the day around the world. He plays it peerlessly.

In downtown London Big Ben strikes two. The city

still bustles, but the main attraction has been taking place at Wembley. "Tellys" in homes and stores carry the concert to the street and for this day London rocks around its famous clock.



Phil Collins and Sting drew raves during their performance at Live Aid.
Rob Taggart/Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos

Nik Kershaw performs "Don Quixote" and "Wouldn't It Be Good." The concert rolls on.

Heat and vibrant human electricity fill the air now. Sting, resplendent in a loose, open collared white shirt, his artist's pass dangling from his neck and a pair of sunglasses nestled in his pocket is making his way to the stage. He clutches a guitar too, but his is the Ben Franklin variety, charged with lightning!

Sting will perform with the Police. He'll sing solo, and then he'll do a duet with Phil Collins.

With a backup saxophone accompanying his guitar, Sting does "Roxanne." Words, music, and the screams of tens of thousands of fans mingle. The atmosphere is charged with sound. Many of the artists on the day's dreambill could hold the attention of a stadium full of exhuberant followers for the whole concert—Sting is one of them.

He does a song that was written about poverty in India when he and The Police toured there, "Driven to Tears." It's an appropriate number for this day's noble goal.

Phil Collins, his curly brown locks already damp with sweat, leaps on stage. He'll get a lot more attention today than most of the stars for a feat of showmanship he'll pull off later. But now it's his music that grips the massed crowd. He sings "Against All Odds" as a solo accompanied by the grand piano. He then joins Sting in a duet of "Message in a Bottle." He does another single, "In the Air Tonight," and then it's back with Sting for "A Long Long Way to Go" and "Every Breath You Take."

The crowd is certainly not breathless. They roar approval as the two take their bows arm in arm for a memorable performance.

Sting had been a friend of Bob Geldof since their early days playing in the punk music clubs of England. He'd watched The Rats from backstage as they performed. When he was asked if he was nervous, he said, "not at all...I'll take it in my stride." True to his word, he did.

This once-in-a-lifetime concert is well underway, and still far, far from over.

JFK Stadium

The fever has been building in Philadelphia. Thousands of fans have poured into the city. The traffic to JFK Stadium is a mixture of music lovers and music makers. Some fans have camped out in the parking lot. Sailors from nearby Philadelphia Navy Yard work alongside police and others to provide security. The weather has been hot. The forecast is for more of the same.

For a week a road grimed black '78 Oldsmobile has been parked in the huge lot alongside the stadium. Behind it is a black trailer with "LIVE AID JULY 13" scrawled in paint on its sides. Inside sits an 18-year-old youth. He's been living in the car with a dream of his own.

Bernard Watson is a budding rock musician. He had graduated from Miami Beach Senior High in June. He's written a song called "Interview." He wants to sing it to his own guitar accompaniment at Live Aid. He's an unknown. Today's performers are the cream of pop music, the best in the world.

But Watson's impossible dream, like Bob Geldof's, is catchy. He'd given American producer Bill Graham a tape of his song and Graham liked it. The day before the

Co-hosts Jack Nicholson and Bette Midler introduce performers at Live Aid in Philadelphia. Ron Galella

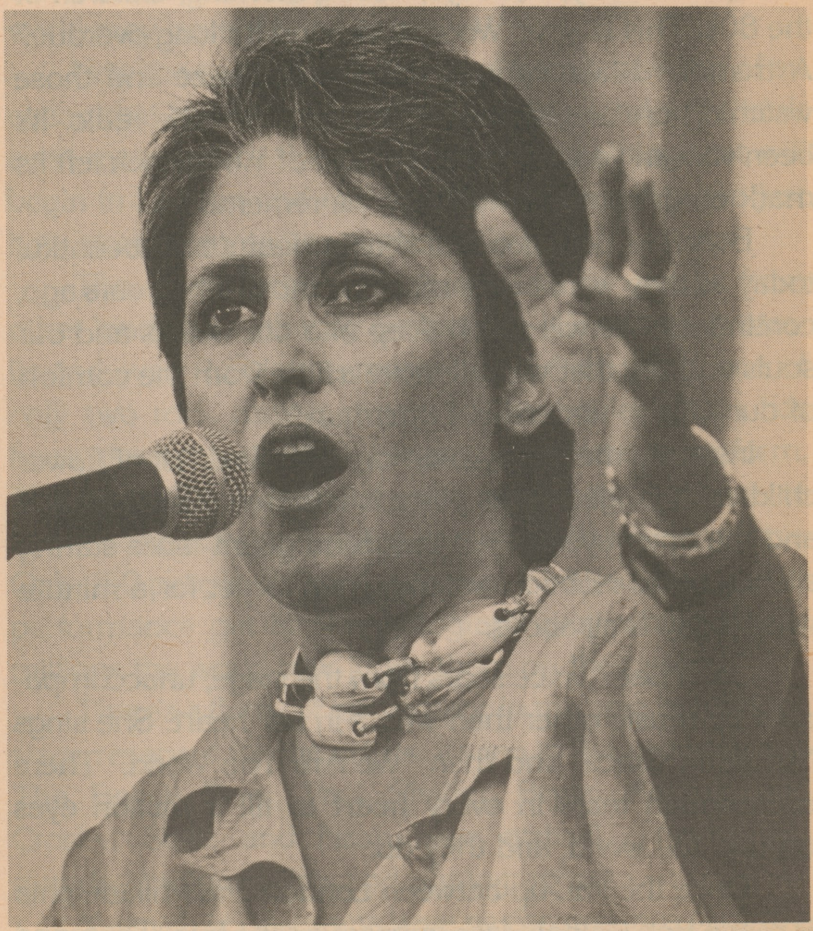
concert Graham stood in front of the curly haired folk singer and said, "I think you're going to do it."

Bernard Watson was going to open the show! He would be first! After him would be Jack Nicholson, Joan Baez, and a roster of rock stars that could light the heavens. "Think you'll be ready?" Graham asked.

Watson adjusted the harmonica cradle hanging around his neck and clutched his simple acoustic guitar tightly. "I'm ready," he said.

At 8:45 AM, July 13th, Bernard Watson plays his song to 100,000 exuberant fans. For the next sixteen hours the air over JFK Stadium will be charged with musical fireworks. The concert from the USA is on the air!

Wearing his traditional 1950's dark sunglasses and beaming his trademark smile, actor Jack Nicholson enters the stage to a roaring ovation from the crowd. The



Joan Baez was one of the opening acts at Live Aid in Philadelphia.
George Bilyk/UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

popular movie actor has been backstage since 7:30, slightly nervous to face a live audience. But he proves himself to be "one of the coolest men in the world." He introduces Joan Baez, the heart and soul of the conscience of American youth of the fabled 60's, the Woodstock Generation. She officially opens the show at 9 o'clock.

Speaking with deep personal conviction to the cause of this day, she says, "Good morning, children of the 80's. This is your Woodstock, and it's long overdue." A tremor rushes through the live audience and those watching on television and listening over the radio. It's been sixteen years since the magic of Woodstock left its mark on the nation and everyone remembers.

Baez, her dark hair and aquiline features as beautiful today as they were in the meadow those long years ago, continues. "We will reach deep into our hearts and our souls and say that we will move a little from the comfort of our lives to understand their hurt."

Instantly the happy memory of a field full of flower children is jogged. In its place is a barren desert of dust and the open eyes of ten thousand gaunt faces staring silently back. Nobody watching can forget for a minute what today is all about.

Joan Baez' voice soars from the stage, unaccompanied by music other than what's in her heart. She sings "Amazing Grace" and then "We Are The World." There are enough tears in every heart to fill a million eyes around the world, and they do.

Once the link-up between London and Philadelphia is made Bob Geldof's face appears on the huge Diamond Vision television screens that are strategically placed

around JFK Stadium. His voice, spoken from the stage at Wembley where the British half of the concert is in full stride, crackles.

"Please, please, please," he says, "give as much as you possibly can like everybody else all over the world."

On American television that is beamed over a make-shift network of over 100 stations around the country, actress Sally Field adds a dramatic note. "This concert is a turning point," she says. "After today the world may never be the same."

Now the concert races forward from both sides of an ocean that has suddenly grown smaller—and will shrink even more before the day is done. Something that will begin in London and end in Philadelphia will prove just how close everyone on earth really is.

The music continues. A number of groups from other lands have already performed—Germany, Australia,and even Russia are represented. Autograph, one of only two rock music groups in the Soviet Union has been given permission by their government to perform. The other, Time Machine, was denied their chance to show what Russian youths can do with Western rock. Only 150 people in Russia who were invited to a special performance get to see Autograph play while tens of millions the world over judge them on their merits.

There's a flurry of excitement in the area behind the stage reserved for the artists. It's ten in the morning and The Beach Boys, Paul Shaffer, Bryan Adams, and Crosby, Stills, and Nash have arrived. They're surrounded by journalists and photographers.

Meanwhile other acts have performed, are performing, and will continue to perform all day long. They

include Ozzie Osbourne who returned to Black Sabbath for this event only to do "War Pigs," "Iron Man," and "Paranoid." The Four Tops step lively to "Same Old Song." A hometown group, The Hooters, plays "All You Zombies" to Philadelphia and the world. Bryan Ferry does "Jealous Guy," "All Night Long," and "Temptation."

Judas Priest takes the stage in black leather, aglitter with shiny spiked bracelets and other "heavy metal." They pound out "You've Got Another Thing Comin'."

The extraordinary musical event flips back and forth between Wembley and JFK with the twist of the video directors' dials in a darkened production booth. The men inside work at a feverish pace to keep the video feeds connected with reality. Their decisions determine which of the numerous on-stage cameras will be "live." Like everyone else, they're working without pay. The quality of their efforts is excellent.

Baby-faced Paul Young has postponed an upcoming American tour and cancelled plans for a Caribbean vacation in order to be on the stage at Wembley. Performing free and live is costing him about $70,000. He's not the only artist who has sacrificed earnings to deliver Geldof's message.

Young sings "Everybody is Gonna Miss Somebody." He's joined by his old friend Alison Moyet. Together they were "the best male/female vocalists in England last year." Today some are calling them the "Sonny and Cher of Charity." They do "That's the Way Love Is" to roaring approval.

In an interview with a British rock magazine, Alison said, "Charity events can be lacking fun, but this has been great. Bob Geldof's organization has been terrific. I don't know how he does it."

The proof that Geldof does do it rolls on.

Canadian Bryan Adams has done his country's famine relief song, "Tears Are Not Enough." He adds "Summer of 69" and "Kids Wanna Rock." In a TV interview Adams was joyous. "It's just like the old days," he said, referring to the limited equipment available for so many performers. "Just give me a guitar and give me a map and let's go."

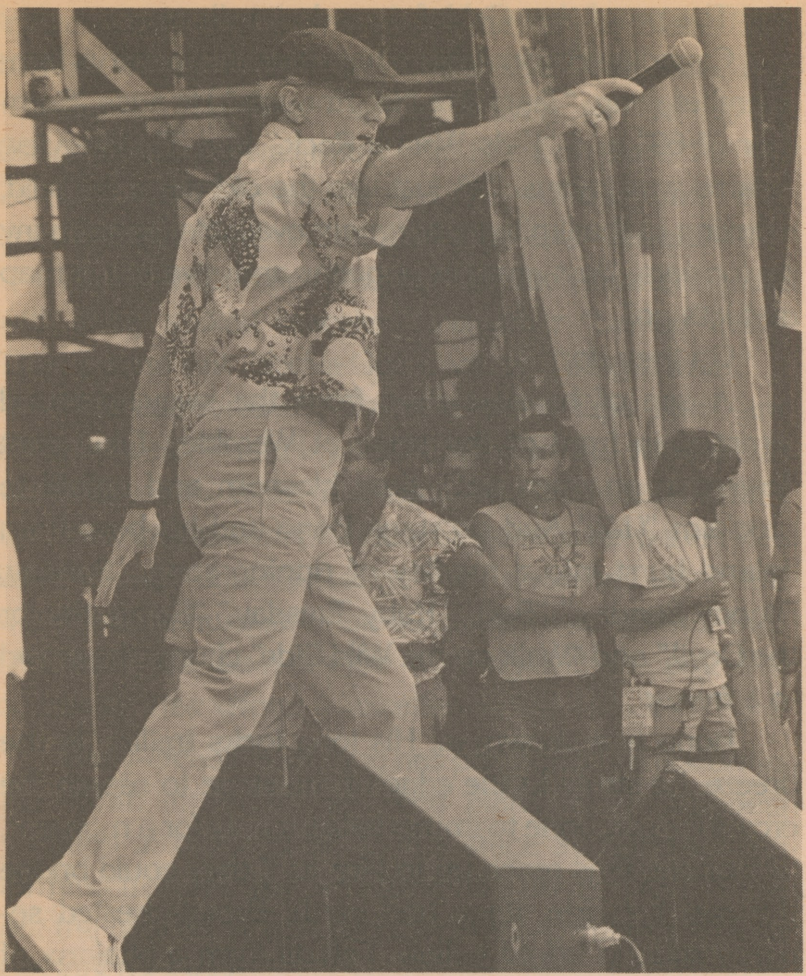
Go they do.

A sea of banners rises from the swaying crowd jammed in front of the stage at Wembley. Like giant flowers in an open field, they blossom and unfold to proclaim "U-2." And on stage Bono and his boys from Ireland burst into a medley of ripping song. "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," "Bad," "Ruby Tuesday," "Sympathy for the Devil," and "Walk on the Wild Side" churns the crowd to a frenzy.

Bono is a showman. His long locks trailing in the breeze, he struts to the edge of the stage to search the crowd for someone to immortalize, if only for a moment. Screaming fans reach up to him as if they could bridge the gap between stage and earth. Broad-chested security men in bright yellow T-shirts form a phalanx of protection to separate mortals from the gods.

Bono leaps over the stage wall and descends. His eyes dart from one face to another, seeking, it would seem, the one special person among 72,000 he is singing to.

Then he spots her. He points a finger that says "*that one!*" The willing girl is floated over the crowd on strong arms into Bono's waiting embrace. Then, with the flourish of Zorro racing up ancient castle steps, Bono flies back to the stage to finish his set. Electric!



The Beach Boys' Mike Love shows the crowd what it takes. UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

But not all the electricity is generated in London. The Beach Boys, famed for a generation, gaudy as ever in flowered shirts, wing into "California Girls," "Help Me Rhonda," and "Good Vibrations." "Surfin' USA" and "Wouldn't It Be Nice" tingle with rememberances of the 60's. They're superstars here, but Mike Love denies it. "...the event itself is the star," he told a magazine reporter.

More stars, more groups, more music.

Dire Straits does "Sultans of Swing," "Money for Nothing," and "Brothers In Arms."

George Thorogood with Bo Diddley and Albert Collins do "The Sky is Crying." Later, Thorogood tells a TV reporter why he came. "Tryin' to give somebody a chance who never had a chance," is his simple reply.

When Queen explodes on stage at Wembley their music creates a sonic boom that shakes the countryside. Lead singer Freddie Mercury, his black hair slicked to his head and a dark moustache stuck to his lip like a movie star from 1938, grinds out hit after hit. He prances and dances and struts back and forth from keyboard to mike like a top that will never wind down. "We Will Rock You," "We are the Champions," and "Radio GA GA" burst from his throat. Very few in the worldwide audience know that Freddie is under doctor's orders not to sing because of possible danger to his throat. But sing he does, with the screaming audience at Wembley joining him in a series of wailing "Ayy-Ohhhhh's" that rise like a mystical chant to the gods of rock high in the sky.

Heat from the sky meets heat from the stage to scorch the jammed crowds in both stadiums. Wembley's temperature rises to the 90's, while fans in Philly bake at an even 101 degrees. At both stadiums fire hoses blast water over the crowds to create an artificial shower that cools backs and brows slowly burning in the sun.

Simple Minds do their turn. Sade, striking in black-and white with her gleaming hair done in a dazzling single braid down her back changes the pace from hard rock to the soft tones of a thrush in the willows. "Why Can't We Live Together?" and "Your Love Is King" flow

The smooth music of Sade moves the crowd. Jacques Langevin/Sygma

gently from her lips. She sings as if the whole world were one. For a moment, it is.

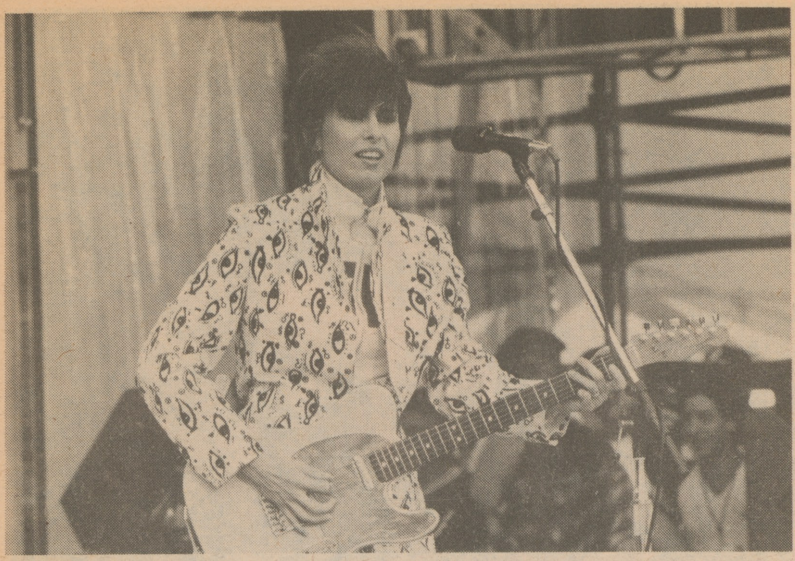
Day moves on musical wings toward evening. It's 7:30 PM at Wembley when David Bowie, "the European Gentleman" appears. Dressed in understated style he does "Modern Love," "Rebel, Rebel" and "Heroes." His cool elegance covers the emotions that lie hidden inside. Only later in the privacy of his dressing room will he let

Sizzling David Bowie performing his own personal brand of music at Wembley Stadium in London. Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos

the waiting tears flow. Live Aid touches his heart as it touches millions more.

A video called "Dancin' In the Street" with Bowie and Mick Jagger plays on the giant screens in the two huge stadiums and on all the little screens everywhere.

Chrissie Hynde and The Pretenders do "Back on the Chain Gang" and "Middle of the Road." Chrissie, who is married to Jim Kerr of Simple Minds and has a



Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders gives a moving performance at the "Concert of the Century." Stephen Ferry/Gamma Liaison

The singing songwriting duo Ashford and Simpson introduce Teddy Pendergrass. Ron Galella

Pete Townshend, Roger Daltry, and John Entwistle of The Who came out of retirement to give an exciting performance at Live Aid. Rob Taggart/ Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos

daughter, Yasmine, answered an interviewer's earlier question with two words.

"How did you get involved with Live Aid?" she was asked.

"Geldof called," she said.

Heartstrings are plucked again when Teddy Pendergrass—who was seriously injured in an automobile accident—is rolled on stage in a wheelchair to join Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson in "Reach Out and Touch." The crowd gives him a thundering ovation that brings tears to his eyes as he sings.

Good feelings spread like wildfire. The Who, separated since 1982 by bad feelings, come together again for the first time since their concert three years ago. Nobody knows if it means the popular group is getting back together.

As fans around the world hope that this dream may come true, they listen to Roger Daltry sing The Who's classic "Won't Get Fooled Again." Without warning the power at Wembley goes out. Television screens blink out. The music stops. For an instant the world is dark.

Backstage at Wembley voices call to one another.

"Elton? Where are you?"

"I'm over here, Sting."

The darkness couldn't last at a bright time like this, and it doesn't. The Who emerge from the blackout sounding as tough as ever. With legs and arms flailing

Carlos Santana plays his heart out for famine relief at Live Aid in Philadelphia. Stephen Ferry/Gamma Liaison

Elton John adjusts his hat during his London performance at Live Aid. AP/Wide World Photo

like windmills run amok, they rip into a blistering "My Generation" and "Pinball Wizard."

The beat rolls on with Santana and Pat Metheny doing "Open Invitation." The hot music gets even hotter as the day begins to reach for the cool shadows of evening. In Philadelphia it's still midday. But London has turned to night.

The banks of giant floodlamps atop Wembley Stadium remain dim as London's bright lights flicker on across the city. Inside this British half of the biggest concert the world has ever seen only the spotlights pointing at the stage like stubby cannons come to life. At 8:45 PM they focus on a happy face bubbling with delight from beneath a crazy feathered fez. As flashbulbs burst into blossoms of light like popcorn in a giant bowl, Elton John pounds out "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me" on the piano while George Michael does the vocal.

Vivacious Kiki Dee joins Elton in a duet of "Don't Go

George Michael of Wham! belts out a song. Jacques Langevin/Sygma

Breakin' My Heart," singing along with the whole Wembley crowd. Behind them, backing them up as if they were contract musicians, is Wham!

On stage, back stage, and all around the stage the madcap movement goes on. Questions fly from inquisitive lips greased by rumor. Will Bruce Springsteen show? Are the three surviving Beatles going to reunite to do a number with John Lennon's son Julian? Is Lionel Richie who is so active with USA For Africa going to be there

after all? Will Madonna sing "Love Makes the World Go Round...?"

Madonna is in Philadelphia. Just back from vacation after finishing a recent tour, she clings to Sean Penn's side. To some she looks just a little bit frightened, but inside the ring of guards that surround her, only Madonna knows for sure. She and Sean, then her fiancé, spend most of the day in Madonna's dressing room trailer. Soon it's her turn onstage. It's late afternoon on the East Coast and still as hot as a boom box on the beach turned up to LOUD!

The broad striped gauze curtain that closes off the stage from the audience between acts is still drawn. Bette Midler mills among the jungle of people, cables, and electronic gear cluttering the stage. She will introduce Madonna.

Madonna seems ready. Her voice is caught by an open mike nearby. "Tell me when" she says.

Bette Midler shakes the young rock queen's hand. Then she steps to stage front as the curtain opens. Smiling through ruby red lips as bright as the dress she wears she shouts over the mike to the audience. "Here's a woman who's name has been on everyone's lips for the past six months. She's great, she's hot...She's Madonna!"

Madonna materializes from the clutter on stage wearing brightly flowered pants, a delicate white blouse, and a Sergeant Pepper-like jacket that may be a bit warm for the soaring temperature. Long rows of beads dangle from her neck. To the surprise of many, her blond hair is now dark brown.

Nervous or not, Madonna bursts into song. She

Madonna—one of the hottest performers today—didn't disappoint her millions of fans who watched her rock at J.F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia. Vince Minnion/UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

pelts the crowd with "Holiday" and "Get Into the Groove." The lyrics float over the audience and then pop like musical bubbles in a never ending stream. The tambourine clutched in her hand quivers to the beat. "Love Makes the World Go Round" fills the stadium. At her invitation the audience joins Madonna to sing along with happy abandon.

Big Ben is lord of the night over London. Its giant hands approach 9 PM, the moment when Wembley will go off the air. One half of Geldof's impossible dream begins to draw to a close.

However, it's not over yet. Paul McCartney is on stage, seated at the piano. Though he's expressed some concern about appearing, his bright smile betrays his pleasure that he didn't give in to fear. He begins to sing. "Let It Be" sweeps over the crowd. Chills of another era send shivers up the spines of those who can remember The Beatles from the days that were the real Beginning.

The mike goes dead but McCartney's song doesn't need electricity to carry its message. Then it's fixed and the song ends—too soon.

The stage begins to fill. Geldof, Bowie, Freddie Mercury and Queen, Adam Ant, Sting, Alison Moyet, Pete Townshend, Bono and U-2, Elton John and the star-studded cast of the Wembley concert join McCartney. With sheet music in hand or by memory the rag-tag choir joins together in a never to be heard again rendition of the song that started it all, "Do They Know It's Christmas?"

Hoisted into the air on the arms of Pete Townshend and Paul McCartney, Bob Geldof settles back to the stage and the audience comes back to earth. He sweeps the sky with a dramatic wave of his hand. "Thank you

For the rousing finale of Live Aid at Wembley Stadium in England, rock stars of the past and present assemble in support of Bob Geldof's cause.
Jacques Langevin/Sygma

and good night," he says, "it's been a most fantastic day. Thank you. Thank you." He turns his face away from the crowd because he is crying.

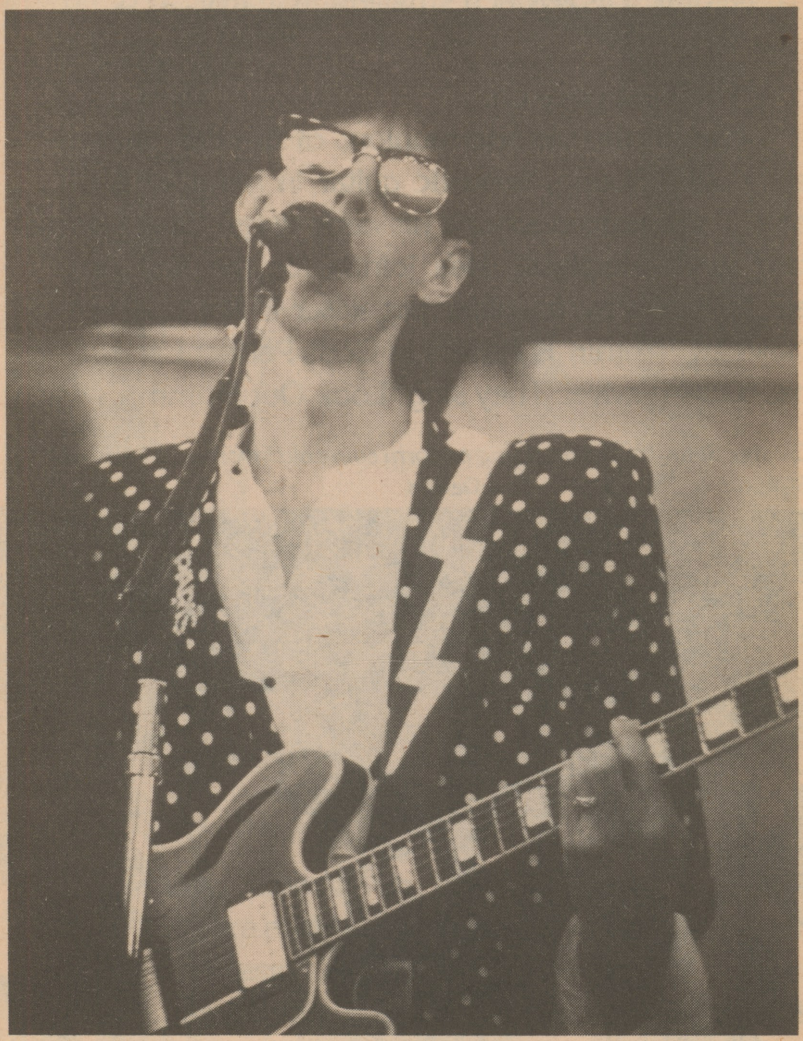
The curtain falls and Wembley is history.

However, the concert is far from over.

Phil Collins sits inside the narrow, mini-windowed tunnel of titanium on wings known as the Concorde. Streaking at supersonic speed over the Atlantic, the British Airways Jet carries the musician from one historic gig to yet another. Collins is on his way to Philadelphia to play in the other half of Live Aid where the sun still shines and the concert is still smokin'.

The fire hoses continue to pour false rain on the sweaty crowd. Ecstatic fans eat and drink in their places, afraid to miss a word or a note from the stage. Tom Petty sings "Waitin' Is the Hardest Part." It's only 5:16 in the afternoon. There are still almost six hours to go. Kenny

Loggins sings "Footloose." The Cars jam in high gear with "You Might Think It's Foolish." The hot air balloon that's wafted all day beneath the sun bobbles as a quiver of breeze brings a first touch of evening cool. Rumors of Springsteen hop like summer toads from one end of the stage to the other end of the stadium. Fifty pizzas an



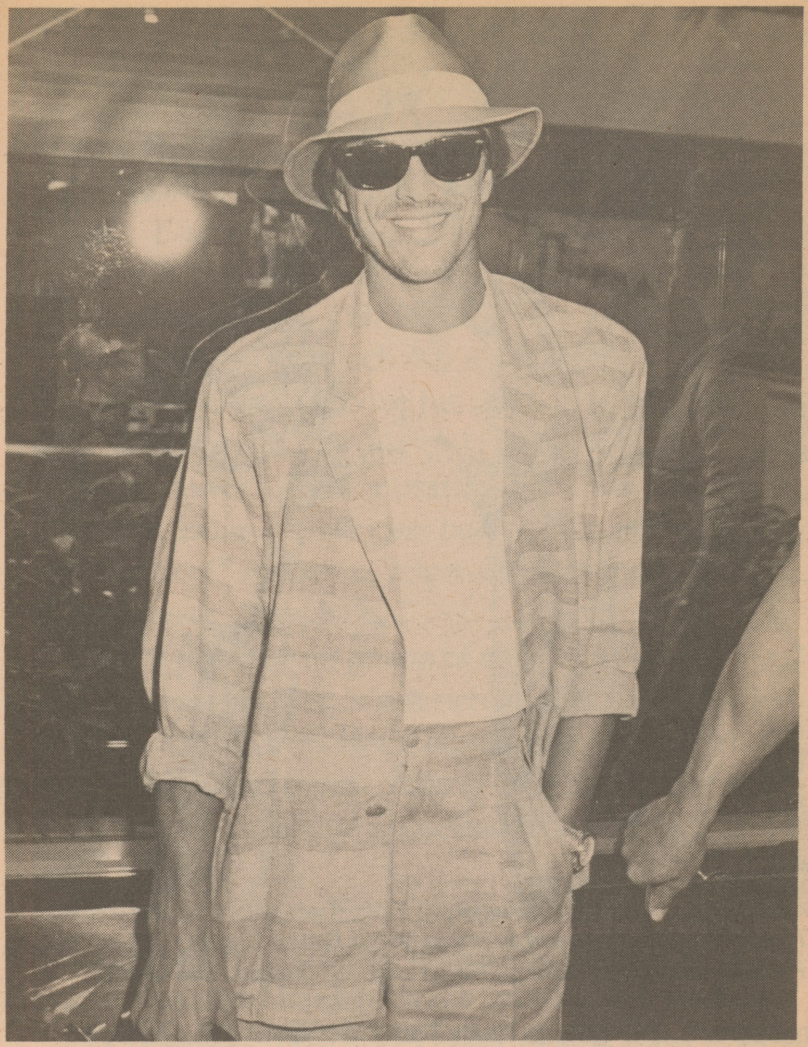
The Cars' Rick Ocasek during his performance at Live Aid. John Barrett/ Globe Photos

hour appear like magic to feed the hundreds of stars, musicians and technicians backstage. The Hard Rock Cafe has donated its services, but it charges the stars for their food—the money will go to Live Aid. Flags of other nations flutter in the audience. Television cameras at the airport catch Phil Collins' Concorde arrival. The world will be drawn as a much smaller circle from now on.

The beat goes on.

One of the historic reunions of the day unfolds on stage. Neil Young, acoustic guitar in hand, and with a harmonica braced around his neck sings, "Sugar Mountain" and "Helpless." He's joined for the first time in eleven years by an older but wiser Stills, Crosby, and Nash for "Nothin' Is Perfect In God's Perfect Land." Rock has turned revival. They sing "Look Out Momma There's

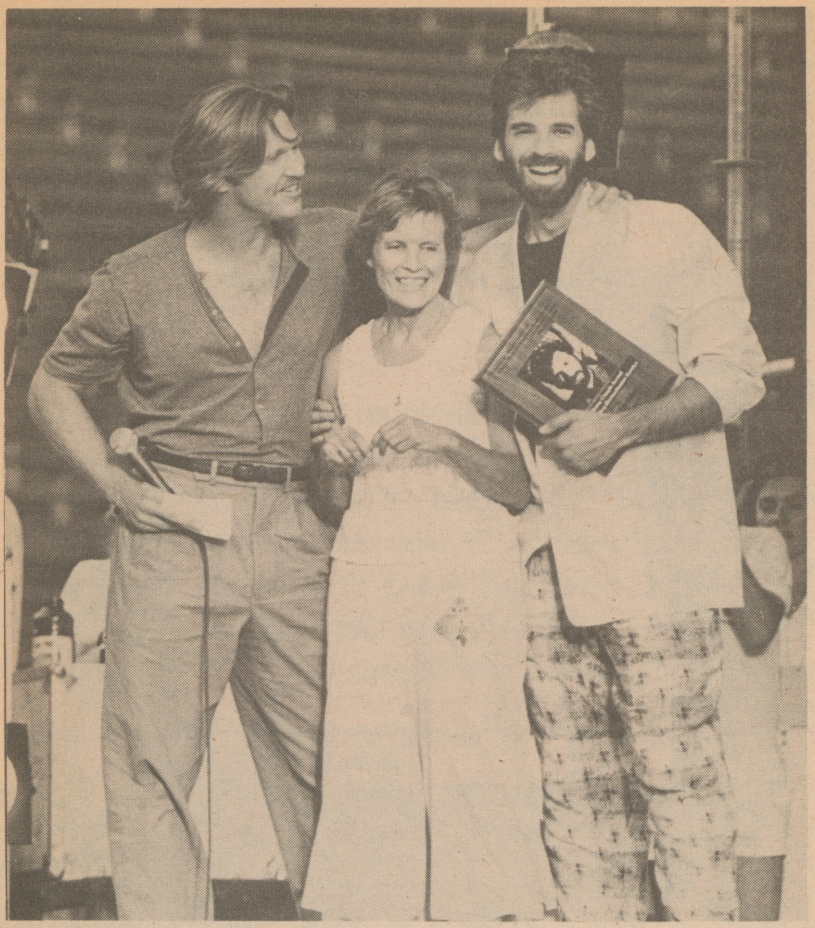
Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young perform some old favorites at J.F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia. Ron Galella



Miami Vice's Don Johnson looks sharp for a guest appearance at Live Aid in Philadelphia. Ron Galella

A White Boat Comin' Up the River." The audience clamors for more and wonder if it will have to wait eleven more years to hear it.

The sun sinks faster now. Don Johnson of "Miami Vice" and dressed in Miami white introduces the Power Station with the question, "Ya wanna get it on?" In



The Harry Chapin Award is presented to Kenny Loggins at Live Aid in Philadelphia by Mrs. Harry Chapin and Jeff Bridges. Ron Galella

response the group launches into their hit, "Get It On." Power Station has been at the Palace Hotel since Thursday rehearsing. It was work well spent.

Prince appears on-screen but not on stage. His video "For the Tears in Your Eyes" has been donated for play on Live Aid. According to a British rock magazine, Geldof had asked Prince to appear live, but Prince declined for personal reasons.

Throughout the day numerous stars appear to an-

nounce performances on stage and on television. On TV a blue ribbon parade of celebrities offer their personal pleas to a world audience on behalf of the famine victims.

Dr. Linus Pauling, Coretta King, Prince Sultan, Kirk Douglas, Eugene Tsevchencko, Carl Sagan, and Ted Kennedy, Jr. and others remind listeners and viewers that following the glitter of this day, a hundred days and more will dawn over Africa. Each day will be filled with hunger and death for people whose futures were being decided by the world's generosity.

Bette Midler is still vibrant as she introduces the Thompson Twins. Nile Rogers backs them up as they do "Hold Me Now." Madonna returns to join them with the Beatles' classic "Revolution."

One of the all-time greats of rock music had arrived in Philadelphia without too much fanfare. He'd checked into the Four Seasons Hotel across the street from the Palace. Things had been a little quieter there than at the Palace. But now quiet is a useless word as he is introduced on stage.

"There is only one Eric Clapton" booms a voice over the loudspeakers that carry voices and music to the one hundred thousand kindred souls packing the stadium.

Eric Clapton moves to center stage. Long golden rays of evening sun shimmer as early twilight approaches. With his guitar slung confidently at his side, his sure fingers race over the strings. Musical memories pour from his fingertips. He does "Layla." It's priceless.

Sitting quietly in the background behind a circle of drums, Phil Collins does back-up for Eric Clapton. They do "At The Station."

Clapton makes a comment after he leaves the stage.

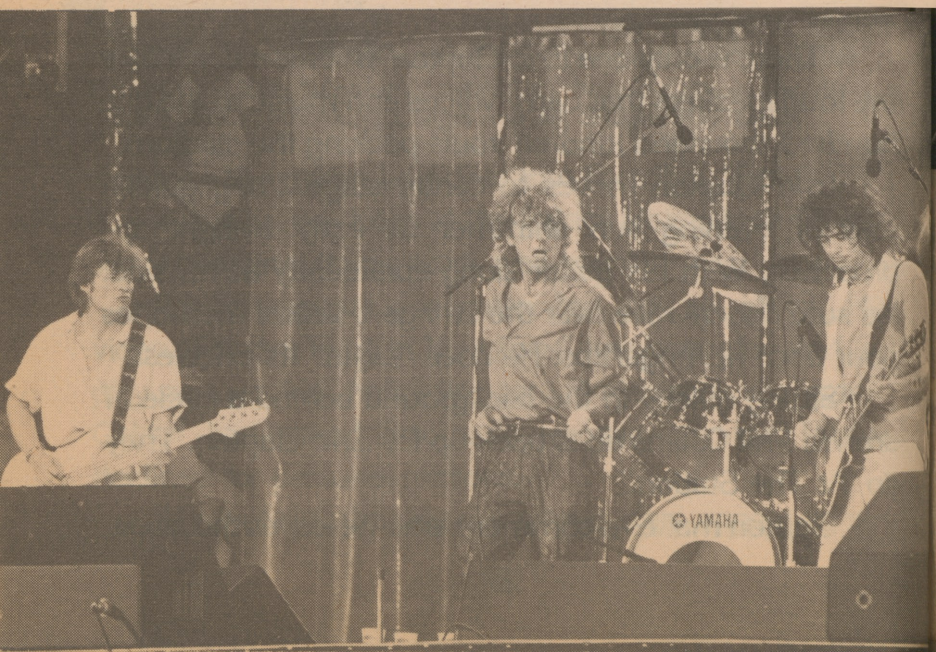
"When I was on that stage and heard all those people shrieking and shouting I thought, 'This is it. This is reality.'" The incredible concert has made its indelible impression on even the stars' stars.

Phil Collins has a comment as well. "I was in England this afternoon," he says to the audience that is finally feeling some relief from the heat in Philly. "Funny world, isn't it?" Then he does a single at the piano, playing "Against All Odds," and then, "I Can Feel It Coming."

One of the highlights of the day is scheduled next—if one great act can be separated from another in this cavalcade of music world milestones. Phil Collins introduces the much awaited reunion of three fourths of the famed Led Zeppelin, Robert Plant, Jimmy Page and John Paul Jones.

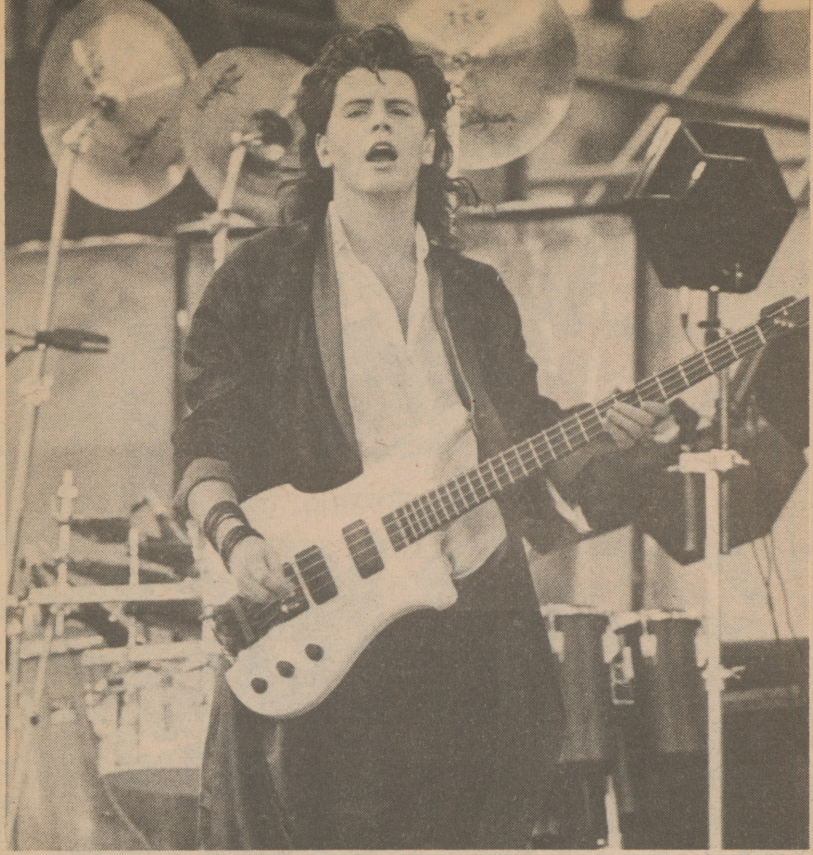
This is Zeppelin's first appearance together in five years. Plant teases the screaming audience with, "Any

Former members of Led Zeppelin: Robert Plant, Jimmy Page and John Paul Jones delight the crowd. Ron Galella



Duran Duran's Andy Taylor and Simon LeBon were greeted by cheers when they performed at Live Aid in Philadelphia. Ron Galella

requests?" A babble of them fly back to the stage. Together with Collins the group steams through "That's Rock and Roll" and "Stairway to Heaven" as golden circles of light play over the swaying crowd from spotlights ringing the stage. They do "Whole Lotta Love." The weariness of the night before when Plant and Page



John Taylor of Power Station performing on stage at Live Aid, J.F. Kennedy Stadium, Philadelphia. Ron Galella

arrived in Philadelphia at 2 AM after playing a gig in Detroit doesn't show. Some have said this reunion was the "most eagerly awaited event of the day." The wild applause and thunderous ovation by their fans prove it so.

The curtain falls again so that the next set can be played. When it opens Duran Duran is there. This is the first time they've played live together in a year. They stir the inexhaustible crowd with "The Union of the Snake," "Save a Prayer," and "The Reflex." Then with Power Station backing them up, and with Simon LeBon, Andy Taylor, Tony Thompson and Nick Rhodes on stage all at once, they do "Save the World."

Patty LaBelle stuns the audience with John Lennon's classic "All the People." "You might say I'm a dreamer," she sings with so much soul that a certain hush hovers over the crowd, "But I'm not the only one." Then with a flourish of delight and musical abandon she kicks off her shoes and without a mike tops off her extraordinary performance with "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

In the darkened stadium the mass of music-drenched, sweat stained bodies organizes itself into a "crowd wave," swaying back and forth in unison joined together by their historic day and the memories of it they'll carry for a lifetime.

Into the thirteenth hour of the marathon and more memories are revived. Daryl Hall and John Oates join

Supergroup Hall and Oates rock at Live Aid. Ron Galella

The Four Tops reeling and rocking to the music. George Bilyk/UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

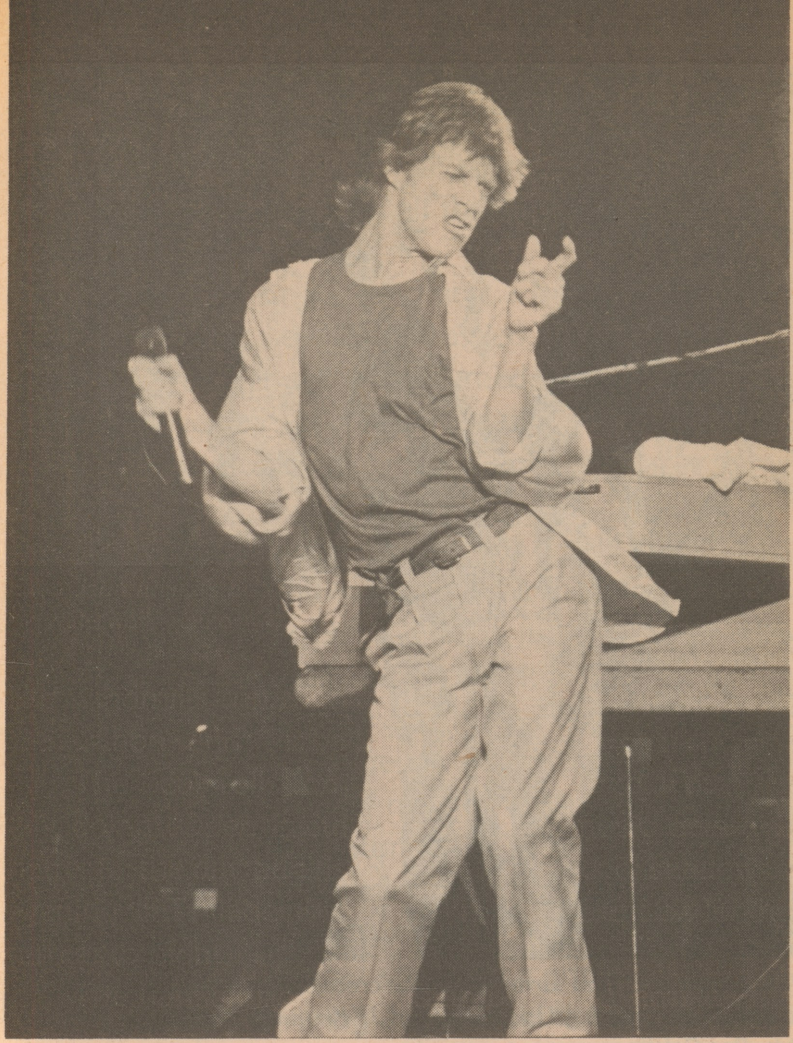
with the original Temptations—Eddie Kendricks and David Ruffin—for "Ain't Too Proud to Beg," "Get Ready," and "My Girl." Each man is a superstar and they're all here for a cause they believe in. "Hunger knows no color," Eddie Kendricks told an interviewer.

Fancy stepping and fancier singing vibrate the rafters and the crowd begs for more.

The sky is completely black now. Looking down from the Goodyear blimp that hovers overhead like a fat dove watching a nest full of curious looking, wildly chirping birds, the stage seems small. A hundred thousand fans have disappeared into the shadows.

But up close, on stage, the world of rock music is bigger than life.

Once again Bette Midler has the great pleasure to introduce someone, and she does. She introduces a comet into this galaxy of stars and Mick Jagger, resplen-



The electrifying performance of Mick Jagger delights his fans at Live Aid. Ron Galella

dent in a brilliant yellow jacket a canary would envy, opens his great mouth and envelops the crowd with "Lonely at the Top" and "Gimme Just Another Night." Bones in motion, he skitters over the stage like a crab on a hot beach.

With Hall and Oates playing backup, Mick does a ripping "I Been Holdin' On So Long." It's clear to everyone

Mick Jagger and Tina Turner ignite the crowd under the orchestration of Hall and Oates during Live Aid at the J.F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia. Ron Galella

that he alone could keep the one tenth of a million people in the darkness in front of him wide-eyed and listening for the rest of the night. But he looks around as if he's lost something precious and with a devilish grin shouts, "Where's Tina?"

Eruption! Tina Turner is HERE! Trademark hair streaking like smoke from a jet, she leaps to Jagger's side. The incomparable couple, poised for wherever their free spirits will transport them, turn on the *heat*!

Tina Turner has worked with Jagger before. She's also sung with Marvin Gaye, Otis Redding, and James Brown, to name only a few superstars. "Isn't it wonderful that I'm the girl who gets all the guys?" she said with a grin in an earlier interview.

The famed singer—and now a movie star too—was at Live Aid because Mick had asked her to sing with him. She changed her schedule, turned down a well-paying performance date, and even paid the $11,000 transportation costs it took to get her and her entourage to Philadelphia.

Before the duet they'd do **that** would end up incinerating everyone within earshot, Tina spoke about Jagger as she put on her make-up and costume. "I feel honored to be standing next to Mick Jagger," she said. "I just want to do everything right."

The duet was Jagger's idea. He'd said he was appearing "to raise a lot of money." He might have added, "to raise some temperatures, too."

The duo had rehearsed the day before the concert. They worked for two hours until they knew they had it right. "That's it!" Jagger said with a grin.

A reporter covering Jagger said the famous Rolling Stone was "mesmerizing" up close. Would he feel strange to go on without the Stones?, he was asked. "I'll tell you after I go on," he replied.

Now Mick and Tina are on stage, together, their mikes raised to their lips and their bodies swaying in musical unison in a duet that sizzles the night away. "Please Baby Please," "It's Only Rock and Roll But I Like It," and "State of Shock" heat the air hotter than the sun did all day. It's a delight. The world audience swells as heads that were turned away swing back to catch the

The elusive Bob Dylan joins Rolling Stones' Ron Wood and Keith Richards in an exciting performance at J.F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia. Ron Galella

showstopping pair and the fire of their combined magic.

The King and Queen of Rock have spoken.

It's drawing closer to the end of rock and roll's longest and most noble day. But it's still not over yet.

The rumor that Bruce Springsteen might show up is dashed to the ground, but this is not a day of disappointment. Quick on the heels of one scotched rumor, another comes true. Rolling Stones Keith Richards and Ron Wood are going to play with one more of pop music's all-time greats.

Jack Nicholson returns to the stage to announce the next set. With a certain pride and visible affection he speaks. "One of America's great voices of freedom," he says. "It can only be one man, the transcendent—Bob Dylan!"

Bob Dylan, a long, long way from his solo appearance at Town Hall in New York City as a virtual unknown in the early 60's, steps on stage. His familiar harmonica hangs in its cradle inches from his lips. His acoustic

All the performers assembled on stage at J.F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia for the exciting finale of Live Aid. Ron Galella

guitar is slung from his shoulders. A mop-top of curly hair flutters atop his head like the fluff on a ripe dandelion.

Richards and Wood, also playing unamplified acoustic guitars, join Dylan centerstage beneath the spotlights that focus on memories frozen in time. People move to the first songs, but to the last one, "Blowing In the Wind" they tremble.

The sun is beginning to rise over Wembley now and the darkness that covered London is rinsed away by dawn's first light. The Concert is coming to an end here, via satellite.

In Philadelphia, USA, a final massed plea for aid for a stricken people is about to begin.

The big curtain at JFK parts. The stage is filled with more stars than those in the heavens above. Lionel Richie is here after all, deciding at the last minute "I gotta be here."

The Live Aid banner flutters. Richie moves among

the stars, hugging them in turn. Smiles fill every face. The stage is jammed from edge to the edge, front to back. Joan Baez, Peter, Paul and Mary, Dionne Warwick, Sheena Easton, Chevy Chase, Jack Nicholson, Cher, George Segal, Bill Graham, Harry Belafonte, Mike Mitchell and more and more and more raise their voices in song, joined by the voices of the Children for Children choir.

"We Are The World" floats skyward borne by the spirits of tens of millions of people the world over who have donated time, money, energy and love to a cause that has come alive because just one man had an idea that worked.

On that brilliant stage of starlight that is so filled with faith in the Family of Man, Bill Graham and Mike Mitchell, the American producers, join in spirit with Bob Geldof in London and raise their arms in farewell. "God bless you all," they say. "Thank you."

In London Bob Geldof says, "I just realized this is the best day of my life."

A member of Parliament says, "He has probably done more to save the lives of famine-stricken people than anyone in history."

To all those watching, listening or experiencing this extraordinary event firsthand it's been a memorable day, one that will generate millions of dollars to help save lives and prove that caring people can change the course of history!

THE SONGS THAT HELPED THE WORLD/ PERFORMER(S) AND BACKUP

AGAINST ALL ODDS/Phil Collins
AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG/Hall and Oates (Eddie Kendricks)
ALL NIGHT LONG/Bryan Ferry
ALL THE PEOPLE/Patty LaBelle
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE/Elvis Costello
ALL YOU ZOMBIES/The Hooters
AMAZING GRACE/Joan Baez
AT THE STATION/Eric Clapton (Phil Collins)
BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG/Chrissie Hynde (The Pretenders)
BAD/Bono (U-2)
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND/Bob Dylan (Ron Wood, Keith Richards)
BROTHERS IN ARMS/Dire Straits
CALIFORNIA GIRLS/The Beach Boys
CAROLINE/Status Quo
COME BACK AND STAY/Paul Young
DANCIN' IN THE STREET/Mick Jagger, David Bowie
DANCIN' WITH TEARS IN MY EYES/Ultravox
DAYLIGHT AGAIN/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?/British All-star Finale
DON QUIXOTE/Nik Kershaw
DON'T GO BREAKIN' MY HEART/Elton John, Kiki Dee
DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME/Elton John, George Michael (Wham!)
DON'T WASTE MY TIME/Status Quo
DRIVEN TO TEARS/Sting
EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE/Phil Collins, Sting
EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY/Paul Young
FOOTLOOSE/Kenny Loggins
FOR THE TEARS IN YOUR EYES/Prince
GET INTO THE GROOVE/Madonna
GET IT ON/Power Station
GIMME JUST ANOTHER NIGHT/Mick Jagger
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN/British All-star Opening
GOOD VIBRATIONS/The Beach Boys
GOT TO WATCH OUT/Hall and Oates (Eddie Kendricks)
HELP ME RHONDA/The Beach Boys
HEROES/David Bowie
HIDE AND SEEK/Howard Jones
HOLD ME NOW/Thompson Twins (Nile Rogers)
HOLIDAY/Madonna
I BEEN HOLDIN' ON SO LONG/Mick Jagger (Hall and Oates)
I CAN FEEL IT COMING/Phil Collins
I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS/Bob Geldof (The Boomtown Rats)
IN THE AIR TONIGHT/Phil Collins
INTERNATIONALISTS/Style Council

IRON MAN/Ozzie Osbourne (Black Sabbath)
IT'S CHRISTMASTIME/Paul Young
IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL/Mick Jagger, Tina Turner
JEALOUS GUY/Bryan Ferry
KIDS WANNA ROCK/Bryan Adams
LAYLA/Eric Clapton
LET IT BE/Paul McCartney
LONELY AT THE TOP/Mick Jagger
LONG LONG WAY TO GO/Phil Collins, Sting
LOOK OUT MOMMA/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND/Madonna
MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE/Sting, Phil Collins
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD/Chrissie Hynde (The Pretenders)
MISS YOU/Mick Jagger (Hall and Oates)
MODERN LOVE/David Bowie
MONEY FOR NOTHING/Dire Straits
MY GENERATION/The Who
MY GIRL/Hall, Oates and Kendricks
NOTHIN' IS PERFECT IN GOD'S PERFECT LAND/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
ONLY LOVE/The Who
ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK YOUR HEART/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
ONLY WHEN YOU LEAVE/Spandau Ballet
OPEN INVITATION/Santana and Pat Metheny
OUTTA TOUCH/Hall and Oates (Eddie Kendricks)
PARANOID/Ozzie Osbourne (Black Sabbath)
PINBALL WIZARD/The Who
PLEASE BABY, PLEASE/Mick Jagger, Tina Turner
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME GIRL/Hall and Oates (Kendricks)
RADIO GA GA/Freddie Mercury (Queen)
RAT TRAP/Bob Geldof (The Boomtown Rats)
REACH OUT AND TOUCH/Teddy Pendergrass (Ashford and Simpson)
REBEL REBEL/David Bowie
REVOLUTION/The Thompson Twins (Madonna)
ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD/Status Quo
ROXANNE/Sting
RUBY TUESDAY/Bono (U-2)
SAME OLD SONG/The Four Tops
SAVE A PRAYER/Duran Duran
SAVE THE WORLD/Duran Duran
SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW/Patty LaBelle
STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN/Led Zeppelin (Robert Plant, Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones)
STATE OF SHOCK/Mick Jagger, Tina Turner
SUGAR MOUNTAIN/Neil Young
SULTANS OF SWING/Dire Straits
SUMMER OF 69/Bryan Adams
SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY/Bono (U-2)

TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH/Bryan Adams
TEMPTATION/Bryan Ferry
THAT'S ROCK AND ROLL/Phil Collins
THAT'S THE WAY LOVE IS/Alison Moyet, Paul Young
THE REFLEX/Duran Duran
THE SKY IS CRYING/George Thorogood (Bo Diddley, Albert Collins)
THE UNION OF THE SNAKE/Duran Duran
VIENNA/Ultravox
VIVE LE ROCK/Adam Ant
WAITIN' IS THE HARDEST PART/Tom Petty
WALK ON THE WILD SIDE/Bono (U-2)
WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN/Style Council
WAR PIGS/Ozzie Osbourne (Black Sabbath)
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS/Freddie Mercury (Queen)
WE ARE THE WORLD/American All-star Finale
WE ARE THE WORLD/Joan Baez
WE ARE VIRGIN/Spandau Ballet
WE WILL ROCK YOU/Freddie Mercury (Queen)
WHOLE LOTTA LOVE/Phil Collins (Led Zeppelin-Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Paul Jones)
WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER?/Sade
WIDE AWAKE/Bono (U-2)
WILD BOY/Nik Kershaw
WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN/The Who
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE/The Beach Boys
WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD/Nik Kershaw
YOU MIGHT THINK IT'S FOOLISH/The Cars
YOU'RE THE BEST THING/Style Council
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN'/Judas Priest
YOUR LOVE IS KING/Sade

GROUPS THAT PLAYED LIVE AID CONCERT

Autograph
Beach Boys, The
Black Sabbath
Boomtown Rats, The
Cars, The
Children for Africa
Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
Dire Straits
Duran Duran
Four Tops, The
Hooters, The
Hall and Oates
Judas Priest
Led Zeppelin
Kool and the Gang
Power Station
Pretenders, The
Queen
Rolling Stones, The
Run D.M.C.
Simple Minds
Spandau Ballet
Status Quo
Style Council
Temptations, The
Thompson Twins, The
Who, The
Wham!
U-2
Ultravox

ARTISTS THAT PLAYED LIVE AID CONCERT

Adams, Bryan
Ant, Adam
Ashford, Nick
Baez, Joan
Belafonte, Harry
Bono
Bowie, David
Clapton, Eric
Collins, Albert
Collins, Phil
Costello, Elvis
Crosby, David
Daltrey, Roger
Dee, Kiki
Diddley, Bo
Dylan, Bob
Easton, Sheena
Ferry, Bryan
Geldof, Bob
Hadley, Tony
Halford, Robert
Hall, Daryl
Hynde, Chrissie
Jagger, Mick
John, Elton
Jones, John Paul
Kemp, Gary
Kendricks, Eddie
Kershaw, Nik
LaBelle, Patty
LeBon, Simon
Loggins, Kenny
Madonna
McCartney, Paul
Mercury, Freddie
Metheny, Pat
Michael, George
Moyet, Alison
Nash, Graham
Oates, John
Osbourne, Ozzie
Page, Jimmy
Pendergrass, Teddy
Petty, Tom
Plant, Robert
Prince
Richards, Keith
Rhodes, Nick
Richie, Lionel
Ruffin, David
Sade
Santana
Simpson, Valerie
Springfield, Rick
Stills, Stephen
Sting
Taylor, Andy
Thompson, Tony
Thorogood, George
Townshend, Pete
Turner, Tina
Watson, Bernard
Wood, Ron
Yates, Paula
Young, Neil
Young, Paul

$2.25

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In an event that rocked the world, over sixty megastars of pop music appeared live in stadiums on two continents—not in a battle of the bands but in a forum to help raise money for a country stricken by drought and famine. For the more than 162,000 fans in attendance at both Wembley Stadium in London and JFK Stadium in Philadelphia, and the 1.5 billion people watching this global rock concert at home, it was a happening that achieved a dual miracle: reuniting band members and succeeding in raising over $40 million dollars for the cause of brotherly love!

Whether you were there or watched the extravaganza on television, this photo-filled, information-packed edition will enable you to reexperience all the magic and vitality of the sixteen hours that changed the world!

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